Times glorie is to calme contending Kings,
To vnmaske falſhood, and bring truth to light,
To ſtampe the ſeale of time in aged things,
To wake the morne, and Centinell the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy howres,
And ſmeare with duſt their glitring golden towrs.

To fill with worme-holes ſtately monuments,
To feede obliuion with decay of things,
To blot old bookes, and alter their contents,
To plucke the quils from auncient rauens wings,
To drie the old oakes ſappe, and cheriſh ſprings:
To ſpoile Antiquities of hammerd ſteele,
And turne the giddy round of Fortunes wheele.

To ſhew the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a childe,
To ſlay the tygre that doth liue by ſlaughter,
To tame the Vnicorne, and Lion wild,
To mocke the ſubtle in themſelues beguild,
To cheare the Plowman with increaſefull crops,
And waſt huge ſtones with little water drops.

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